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POEMS

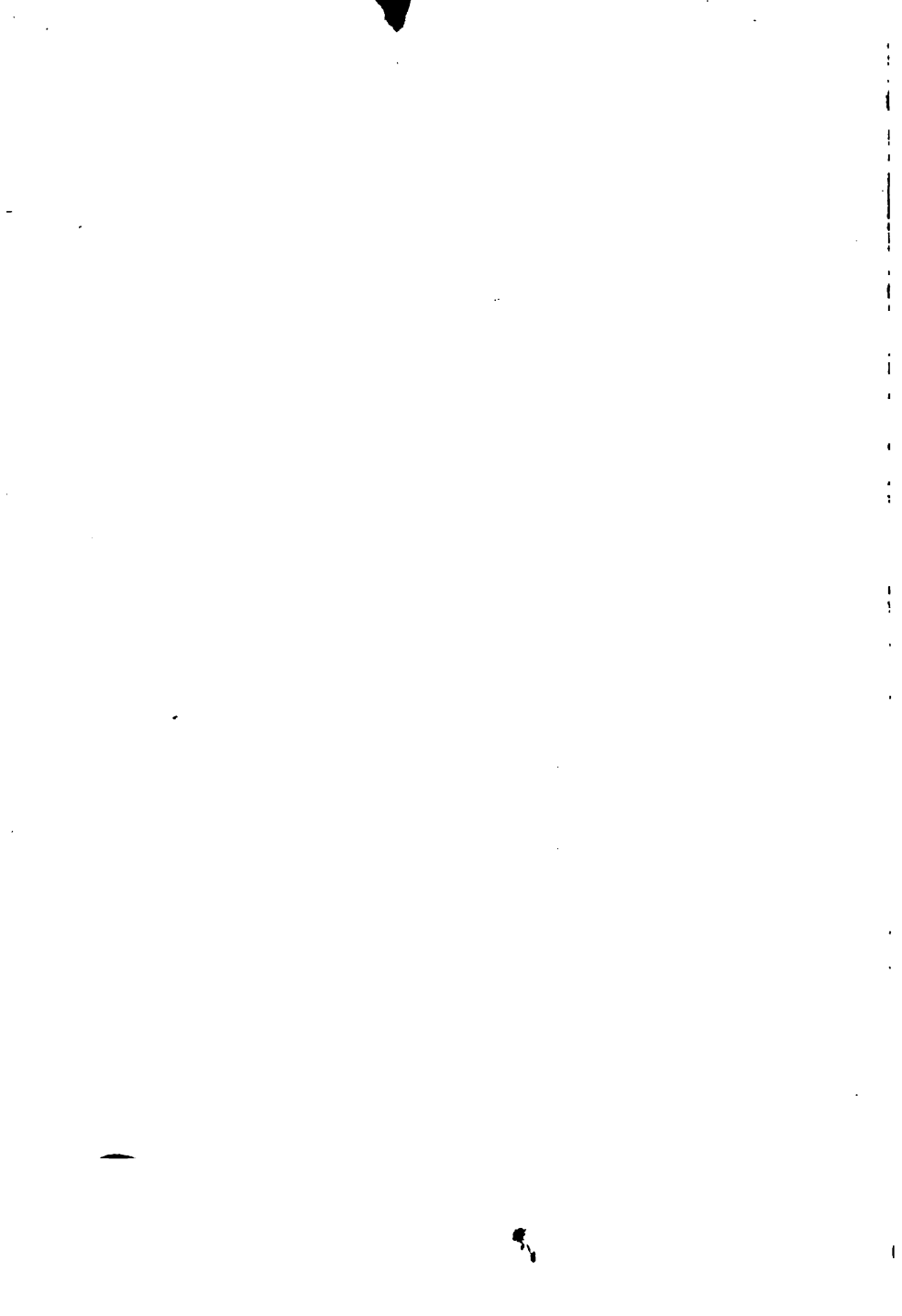
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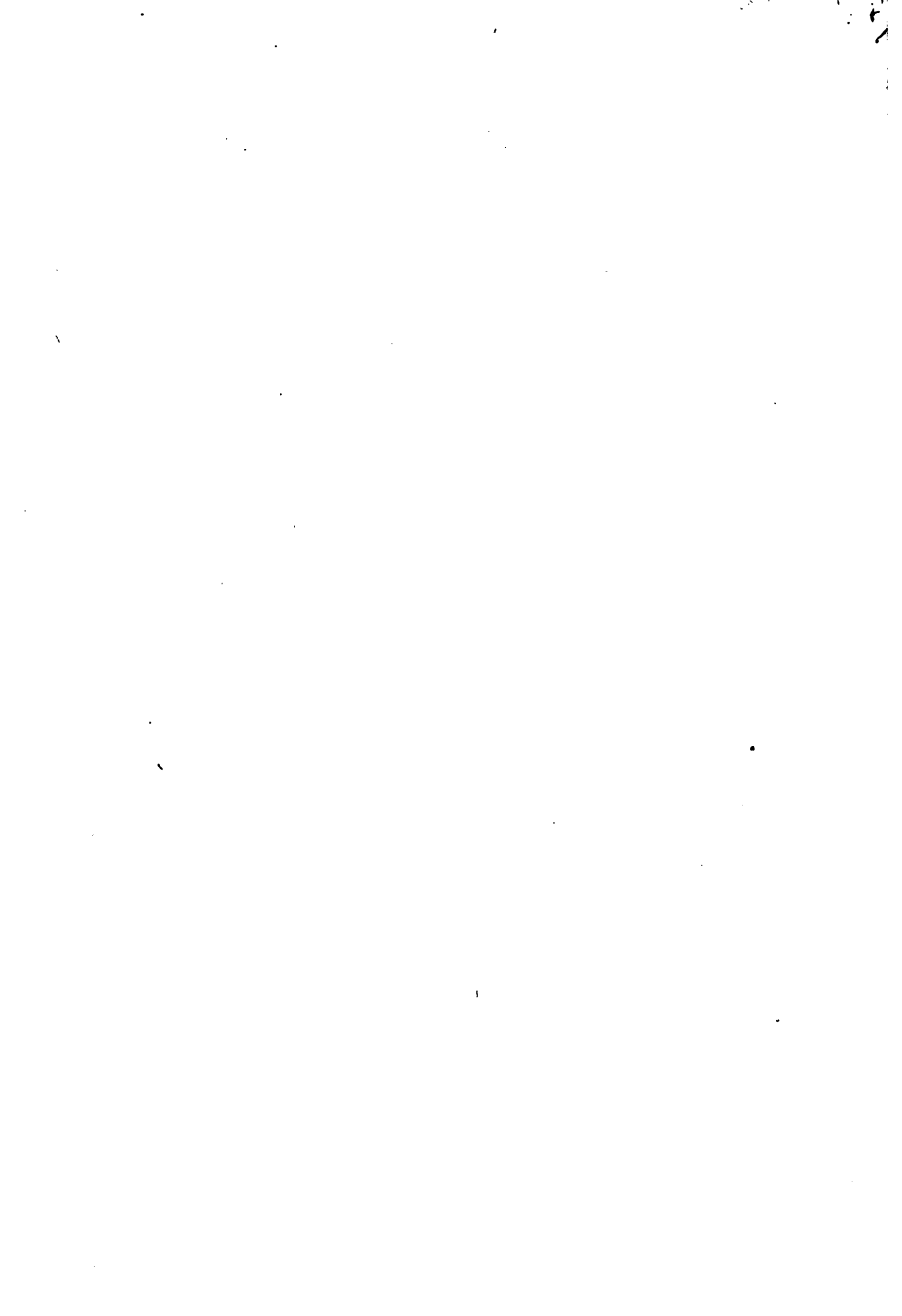


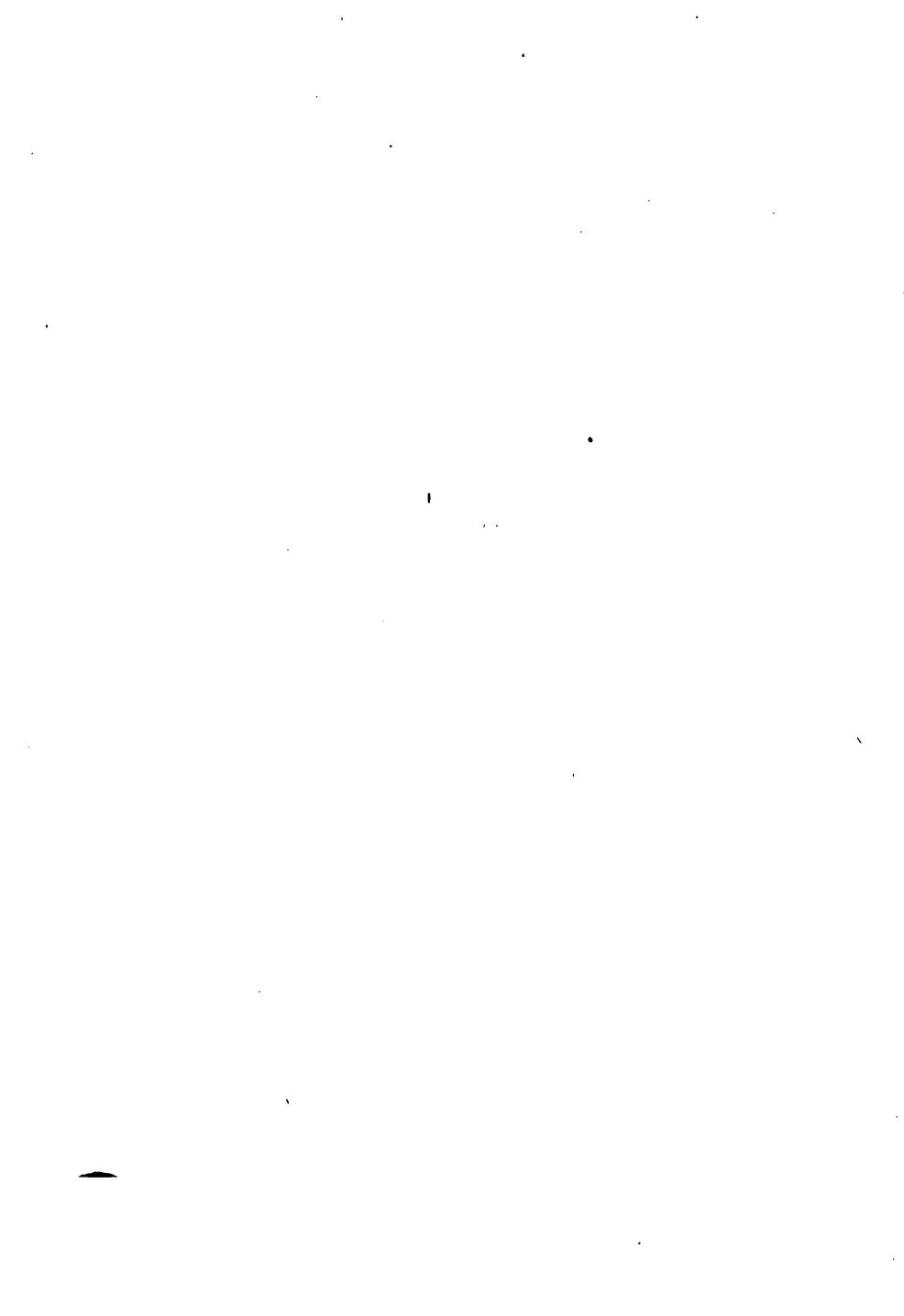
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THE RESURRECTION

AND OTHER

POEMS



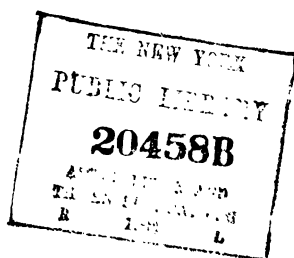
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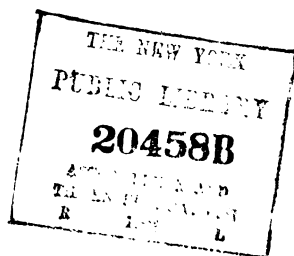
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POEMS

THE RESURRECTION

The Morn awakes; the stars retire
Beneath his solitary fire
Who slowly burns away the gloom
And heaps his glory on the tomb
Where the world's hopes imprisoned lie
Beneath the fair, Judean sky.
The East her ashes shakes below
That choke her fires that now do glow
With radiant hope; the night is past,
Whose hovered brood, all peeping, cast
From out her plumage countless eyes
That slumber now within the skies.
The earth doth quake! the pregnant tomb
The sentries' courage doth consume,
As hard she labors to give birth
To the First-born, the hope of earth.
The useless spear forsaken lies;
The tomb doth burst! the Son doth rise
Victorious; the vanquished yield,
Strewn round our faith's great battlefield
Where lifts our Captain the grim siege
And frees alike the lord and liege.
Ere Fright, fleet-footed, home doth run,
Spice-laden Love doth seek the Son,
Who in his myrrh and aloes lies,
Of all the world, Death's fairest prize!
They hurry on in breathless haste,

THE RESURRECTION

And draws suspicion from his word.
He now familiar greets her ear;
She fain would clasp her Master dear!
His "Touch me not" her hand doth stay;
"Ascended not" to her doth say
"There's time enough for worship due
Ere I ascend from mortal view!"
So, reverent, she joyous stands
And listens to her Lord's commands:
"Go, tell my brethren and my friends
Their Lord triumphantly ascends;
No longer sleeps beneath the clod;
O'er death victorious, flies to God."
She, struck with the inspiring news,
Like some lulled vessel on a cruise,
Refreshed by a sudden, welcome gale,
Weighs anchor now and spreads her sail,
Ere famished, to devour the breeze.
Thus from the sepulchre she flees,
O'erladen with the news of spoil
That late about the tomb did coil
And o'er it lift its deadly sting;
But now it's many a horrid ring,
That measured out the tomb's great strength,
E'en measures out the garden's length.
His head, well bruised, devenomed lies;
His sting not darting toward the skies.
Swift voyaging a smoother sea,
Now homeward bound, in utmost glee,
The flying squadron strike their sail
As, captainless, their captain's "hail"
Salutes their ears, the gale now stills
And empty vessels with joy fills.
They eagerly now quaff it down,

Which spurs their courage to a run;
Throw out their canvas to the gale
And homeward now in triumph sail!
Thus rested with the heavenly news,
They hasten, nor a moment lose,
To tell the wondrous, heaven-born tale
To those who in deep sorrow wail
Their Captain in the nether blue
Instead of in the higher view.
Swift on the fair flotilla flies
To where their destined haven lies;
At length they rest their weary sail,
No longer beaten by the gale;
Unload upon St. Peter's dock
What e'en that mighty stone doth shock.
The chief inspector looks it o'er,
Condemns the meat now brought ashore:
"Truth far too great to be believed!
These holy women it have weaved
With colors fair to please the eye."
Thus doth the chief apostle sigh:
"Deep Enmity, that robs the grave,
Allows not rest e'en in the cave
Where his worn victim helpless lies!
Steals out beneath protesting eyes
And stoops his shoulders in the grave!
Inhuman fiend, that e'en doth crave
To work thy deviltry on the dead!
That friends may even yet be fed
The bitter wormwood and the gall
Which all their sorrows doth recall.
Content not with the life now fled,
The sheaf on which thy fury fed,
E'en wouldst the stubble now consume

That held aloft its head to bloom
All gloriously into bread!
Alas! how is the Mighty dead!
Whose touch did open sightless eyes;
Whose voice did still the demons' cries
And drive them snorting to the sea;
Who met death with his victory,
Slow marching from the field of Nain,
And wrested from him all his gain!
Whose word did wipe a ruler's eyes
And hush the mother's woeful cries;
Who 'groaned in spirit,' even wept
Where his dear friend in silence slept,
Ere sisters heard the high command,
'Come forth,' which all their sorrow fanned,
With potent breath, from out their mind
And left a feast of joy behind!
Ah! stilled now is that mighty voice
That made his chosen ones rejoice;
That gathered in the golden sheaves,
But blew the chaff before the breeze.
Ah! silent he who with a breath
Bestowed his might, e'en over death,
Upon us all, and sent afield
With weapons none our foes could wield!
Who with his last, the earth did shake
And ere her time the night awake.
Farewell, fair Galilee, to thee!
His wonders ne'er shall ride your sea
Nor troop along her shores again!"
Thus ended he, the man of men.
The forest now doth lift its head
From out the storm that o'er it sped.
The sturdy oaks, well drenched, yet shake;

The weeping willows to warbling take.
The music of the oaks, far flown,
Is traded for the dismal moan.
Thus, in the far-famed upper room,
Joy and Sorrow sit at home.
The women all, with joy o'errun,
Do talk of Him, the risen One;
Yet, now and then, black fears do find
A doubtful perch upon the mind;
Oft flap their sable wings in flight,
As Faith doth clear the roost at night.
The men in their stern unbelief
Do smother down their pent-up grief
Which now and then doth blaze on high,
The smothered coal-pit, which doth lie
But dozing in its clay to wake
The napping swain who needs must take
His shovel and hard fight the flame
That seeks to satisfy its claim.
Now Evening treads the upper room
In twilight's faded, sad costume,
Cut from the remnant of the day,
Which Time did on his counter lay
And measure out to mortal man
Ere night her lamps to light began.
Now shrinking Fear, his lamps low burns,
His trembling hand the bolts all turns;
Now holds his breath and ponders o'er
What the grim future hath in store;
What Time shall from his shelves hand down,
Of woes compounded, which men drown
In sorrow, gasping hard for breath,
E'er living hard 'twixt life and death.
Now vividly on memory's wall,

The moving pictures swiftly fall,
Of great realities that moved
With stately stride across their loved,
Fair Galilee, and oft laid siege
To Zion's sins and sacrilege
That frowned from that fair citiadel,
Defying Heaven to cope with hell;
Now rolls the Jordan's far-famed flood
And Heaven doth own the Son of God.
The water-pots all empty pine;
They take in water, pour out wine,
And change the custom of the feast:
The wine is bettered, the joy increased.
The fishes laugh within the sea,
The fishers know not where they be.
All night the fish the fishers foil,
The empty net repays their toil;
Yet at a word the waters swarm
And fill the nets nigh unto harm,
That pour into glad Simon's boat
A load of fish his conscience smote,
That on them all he turned his back
And followed hard his Master's track.
The winds now war upon the lake;
They quarrel loud; the waves awake
And froth their anger on the sea
Or dance about in stormy glee.
The fishers strive against the storm
That every fiber doth alarm,
Lest He who rocks the fretful deep,
His children rock to their last sleep.
Now Fear doth bend his strongest oar
In vain to reach the hidden shore.
Now up, now down, upon the sea,

THE RESURRECTION

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Hope bobs his head ; yet can not he
Rise high enough to see the strand.
So oft do men on firm, dry land,
Bob up and down on troublous times,
Till, nigh engulfed, their stubborn limbs
Must learn to bend to Heaven's aid.
Now quick aside the oar is laid
That nobly battled wind and wave ;
Fall at his feet the fishers brave,
Who makes a pillow of the storm,
As rattles loud death's dread alarm !
Now wind and wave forsake the sea,
Their voices hushed by Deity.
Flat on their faces fall the waves
That dig long trenches for men's graves
And fill them up and smooth them o'er,
Or, rough-shod, gallop on the shore
And trample men beneath their heels
Till the whole world the sorrow feels.
Now swarm the cities to the shores
Like bees upon fair Nature's stores
Which that good dame's full lap pours out
To put the foe of want to rout.
The myriads of Truth swarm forth
And lowly hum their priceless worth
On parabolic wing ; protrude
No stings to threat the multitude ;
But, laden with Heaven's choicest sweets,
They mingle with the throng that greets
With hosannas the Son of man,
Dispensing blessings where they can :
Yet oft they hummed a higher note
That on the face its lesson wrote
As their bold legions filled the air

Above the Pharisee's sharp stare,
And made a twilight of his noon;
Or, darting on him all too soon,
Did give the multitudes wide room
To shake their sides as that legume
No stick had to hold to, but beat
Upon the air a wild retreat.
Fierce on denunciation's wing,
They throng the Pharisee and sting,
Till, swollen red with deadly rage,
He the arch-traitor doth engage
To aid his feeble argument
That lies sore wounded in his tent.
Now fish come broiling from the sea
And charge the hosts of Galilee
As from the ground the loaves do rise
And stop keen hunger's inward cries.
They banquet on the miracle;
The loaves and fishes feed them well;
No burden rests upon the men
Save that upon their abdomen.
The loaves and fishes wonders tell,
Yet hide the mighty miracle!
So, as men tread the common ground
And trample on the loaves that bound
In wonder toward the kindly sky,
They think not of the Hand on high
That lifts them to unthankful lips;
The busy bee the nectar sips;
Thanks not the flower that filled its cup,
That bloomed for it, yea, offered up
Its life that it might on it live.
(Will God this sin of man forgive?)
Now Heaven's Son his grace doth give

That proud Capernaum may live.
Thick swarm the streets with human ills,
Which full her cup of sorrow fills;
High rage the fevers on life's shores.
The deep of death now onward pours
His utmost tide which silent rolls
Upon the strand to reach men's souls
And bear them far on his cold ebb.
Life flutters helpless in the web
Which the last enemy wide weaves
About the world whose ripened sheaves,
High stacked up in eternity,
Await the threshing-time to be!
But lo! the web now sways, now breaks;
From its torn strands new life awakes
And frees itself as 'neath the tread
Of Heaven's foot man's ills are dead.
Capernaum awakes; her dawn
Comes streaming o'er her darkness on:
The tide that searched her sobbing shore,
Now ebbs and leaves it as before;
No plunder floating out to sea
To sound the depths, eternity.
Now hushed the multitude draws near;
Now doth the Great Physician clear
The groaning streets of all the ills
That war on flesh; death's tempest stills,
That rides victorious life's sea
And charges e'en ferociously,
With all his might, her trembling shores,
And on the helpless terror pours.
The wasting fevers throng the air,
Escaped the parch'd lips; death's stare
Nor fills the eye, nor on the waste

Paints the last scene of life in haste;
Like adders foul, 'twixt human lips,
The hissing tongue her poison drips,
As the fierce demons frightful scream,
His stygian engines hissing steam,
Who fires the furnace of the mind
Till on the tongue the embers find
A resting-place, and fiercely glow
When shaken through the grate below.
The white plague's brood now fills the air;
Her wasted kingdom casts no stare
From the pale ruin; but now doth glow
With healthful life; past is the woe.
No more his weapon palsy wields
That shakes o'er his victorious fields;
No more the couch he heartless shakes;
The Son of man his weapon takes.
From out their sad eclipse emerge
The glittering orbs whose lights converge
Upon the mind and roll their day
Along fair reason's devious way.
The monarch of the mind, dethroned,
His realm laid waste, now uncondoned,
An outcast wanders, driven far
By his fierce foes whose factions war
And rend in tatters his domain
As sinks in night his glorious reign.
Once fallen, kings are in their grave;
Inaugural shouts faint echo "save."
The empty throne frowns on his lord
And calls for vengeance and the sword;
Disdains his haughty, selfish rule,
Oft seats a tyrant ere it cool.
Oft tyrannizing thus o'er man,

Man's ruler flies the warring clan
That drives from his polluted throne
The monarch it disdains to own;
Yet, sometimes, he doth abdicate,
Not driven from his high estate
By his foul reign; but shakes his crown
From off his head, o'erwearied, down.
Now Heaven doth kindly intervene
His friendly powers; the Son is seen
To calm the fury of the face,
Restore the monarch to his place.
The angry tide which his vile rule
Drew after him, which lashed the fool
Against her steep and angry shores,
Now ebbs, and all her flood restores
To the impoverished sea
Which, 'neath the tread of Deity,
In even balance sparkling lies;
The sun shines forth from clouded skies.
Last falls upon fair memory's screen,
The picture of the Nazarine,
The Master dear, with all his wounds,
The lamb, rude shaken by the hounds.
From the last scene they turn their eyes;
A heavenly vision on them flies!
'Tis heaven in the upper room;
The Lord is risen from the tomb
E'en as he warned his little band!
The nail yet marks the swollen hand;
The spear-thrust lingers in his side,
The death-mark of the Crucified.
Now love and joy-sticks drum the breast
As Faith doth on each bosom rest;
A new life throbs the heart within

And heals the sinner of his sin.
Foul unbelief, from his dark hole,
No longer belches on the soul;
Nor darts his huge tongue in the sky
To light their woes who dozing lie
On his thin crust; but swallows down
What doth his mouth with slobbers crown
To drench whole cities with his stroke
And hold them e'er beneath his yoke.
The upper room with hope doth glow;
The Lord hath triumphed o'er the foe.
The bars and bolts their tale now tell;
E'en as He came, He went; all's well.



TRUTH AND ERROR

Truth and Error met one day.
Truth," says Error, "come this way
And let us both review the field
That lies behind us; see its yield.
Many sheaves lie in the past
Where our seeds fell thick and fast,
Where our sickles swept the plains
With the zest of labor's gains.
Our fields do of a long time join;
Ancient our titles; our renown
Antedates far hoary time.
Born in a much fairer clime,
We migrated to this earth
To bestow on it our worth.
Thou wast, I believe, heaven-born,
Fair of feature as the morn,
Blushing at the eye of day;

I, a rival in thy way,
As a fair twin-sister came;
For admirers speak your name
Bowing to me as to you,
Showing, thus, there are but few
Paces short 'twixt you and me,
In the race for victory.
Is it not as I have said,
We were thus to fortune wed?"

Truth:

Error, thou art grown quite vain,
In the face of Truth to feign
Birth and consanguinity
In the highest form with me.
In the fabric thou dost weave,
A strand of truth is, I believe,
Woven to give coloring
To otherwise unsightly thing.
Thou! canst thou claim birth with me.
Who wast long time theory,
Till of practice foul wast born?
How shortly are thy long locks shorn!
Who thee created had renown
Till his foul offspring dragged him down.
Born too high, thou didst descend,
Like lightning on the earth, to spend
Thyself more oft in air than earth
To emphasize thy sterling worth.
I a fact have always lived;
I continue on as rived,
Warping only to the sun,
Refusing shelter but to one
Whom I do know of old will steal.

To thy other boasts, I feel
It were folly to reply,
Save one that would beautify.
How dost thou approach to me
But by a paint and powder fee?
Oft then your case is not made out,
For Perspiration, in his bout,
Arising with his pent-up stores,
Freely, freely on you pours
His dripping, cogent argument.
Thou thinkest it a deluge sent
On thy thinly coated plea;
The smiling land becomes a sea
With snow-capped ranges here and there
And coral-isled the hemisphere.
A sorry spectacle in court
Thou present'st, as when, in short,
Some worn-out, deserted knob
Wintry suns do slowly rob
Of its fair complexion's guise,
Borrowed of pitying skies,
Leaving wrinkles, clay and snow,
Fitting picture of thy woe
As thou stand'st in open court
To where ofttimes fools resort
With their folly to expose
They see not beyond their nose!

Error:

Truth, this is enough of me;
I will now retort on thee:
I do reassert my birth
Was of high and holy worth;
Of a seraph I was born,

On a cloudless, rosy morn.,
When the planets augured well
And Fortune chimed her many a bell.
Short the damage to the hair
If on the surface skims the shear;
Soon will Sampson shake his locks,
Soon barbarian feel the shocks
Of falling grandeur nobly reared,
If Sampson is not better sheared.
Shelter thou dost freely give
When thou canst, so I believe;
But has not my honored head,
When thou wast asleep in bed,
Felt the steady dropping proof
That thou hast a leaky roof?
Shelter, then, can no one give
If what would shelter is a sieve.
How do I approach to thee
But by a paint and powder fee?
You do know our lands do run
Parallel beneath the sun;
Certainly they do adjoin;
So hath testified your coin.
The corner-stones of Truth do stand
On the brink of Error's land.
Either side the dividing line,
Touching lightly yours and mine,
Though you claim I've naught with thee,
Lies buried treasure, many a fee,
That testifies in open court
Where you say oft fools resort
With their folly to expose
They see not beyond their nose.
Is it not to you quite plain,

Thou hast seen so full of wheat
There was not e'en room for cheat!
Take thy rest; thy labor o'er,
Feast upon thy hard-earned store;
All thy lifelong thou mayst eat
If thou canst survive on cheat.
Well do I remember thee,
The day, the hour, my potent plea
Unfolded, rose and heavenward soared,
On thy ears a deluge poured
Of matchless song which did entrance
Ages, yet unborn, to dance
To the music of my laws
That have earned the world's applause.
Where aromas crowded aisles,
That sly wandered where fair smiles
Tribute paid on every hand,
I first saw thee upright stand,
No mean rival in my way,
Whom to vanquish in a day
Of most glorious of wars
Was to let down Eden's bars
To the pastures of the world!
Give my sheep that in it curled,
Wider range lest coming flocks
Search in vain 'mong Eden's rocks
For the wool to clothe the race
That should soon my empire grace.
Eden's narrow bliss I furled;
Took a garden, gave a world!
Truth, thou art my supple wand
With which I glide the earth around,
Bending to mine ev'ry need,
As to the wind, the nodding reed.

Well do I recall the day
I met thee in the narrow way,
Leading to the tree that grew
Of rarest fruits the fairest two
That in Eden golden hung;
Fair they were, yet both were stung;
Both a wisdom fair concealed,
Which an Eve would have revealed,
Though the cost were in the dust
Her face to hide from the Just.
Who would wisdom highest gain,
Must his life-blood freely drain.
With knowledge others, then, to feed,
Is to sacrifice and bleed!
Knowledge getting is the strife
The larve is waging for a life
Higher than that in its shell;
Which if it would bid farewell
It must toil quite nobly on,
Working mightily for dawn;
Else it must e'er be a larve,
Live on nothing or else starve
In its nutshell dark and small,
Once its home, now prison wall!
Thus would Eve the hard shell pierce,
Though the pent-up strife were fierce
That should lead to wealth undreamed,
Worlds that with fair knowledge gleamed!
Thus did she on high hopes sail
Though her new-fledged wings might fail
While lofty realms proud steering through,
Whose truths should glitter as the dew,
When morn hath brought his wealth afar
And put to shame the fairest star!

Who fears a fall will never rise
From this earth into the skies.
Truth, dost thou remember when,
Underneath our searching ken,
That fair form came gliding on,
As morn, new risen, began to don
Hastily his gorgeous robe?
Not since then hath the great globe
With such beauty been adorned,
As an Eden deeply mourned,
Losing her identity
In the grief that would not flee.
Underneath fair knowledge's tree,
Midway there, 'twixt you and me,
I my banquet richly spread
And a world unto it led,
Mighty harvest in a sheaf,
Truth almost beyond belief!
Of the fruit which won delight,
I persuaded one to bite,
And an absent world did taste
What another bit in haste!
Stranger far than strange it seems,
Yet what is cast into streams
At their head must all come down,
Notwithstanding sages frown.
Thus an easy victory,
Truth, did I win over thee.

Truth:

Hush! thy forked tongue now hush;
Error, what did thee arouse
To thus loftily, far soar
Eden's happy garden o'er,

Whose rich, ancient, rare perfumes
Linger still in odor's rooms?
That proud shepherd has led, I see,
A flock of smiles far out on thee,
That erstwhile did ruminate
In the lowlands of thy pate,
Where the meads are well-nigh brown
And wide deserts ever frown;
But now rugged uplands praise
For the thorns on which they graze.
I shall shortly shear thy sheep
Which among the rocks now peep,
Drive them back full many a league,
With their shepherd in fatigue:
Unless smiles can feed on tears,
Thou hadst better lay thy ears;
Else the sheep will flee away
At a harsh, enormous bray.
The deluge of thy Eden song,
That swept down the ages long,
Enriching, sayst thou, with a bound
All the treasures of sound,
Thee has drowned in thy delight;
I must dive far out of sight,
Bring thee back to Error's strand,
There, perchance, thy senses land;
For I fear, with all my toil,
They will be in a wee coil,
Snoring in a mollusk's shell,
With the mollusks e'er to dwell!
Thou the vanquisher of me?
How oft, Error, have I thee
Howling to thy kennel sent
When thou wouldst my steps prevent?

Thou kind shepherd of my sheep,
Whose pity did a harvest reap,
Rich of tears, but not of mine,
I long ages heard thy whine;
But thought it was more for fleece
Than dread of the flock's increase
To where the walls of famine rise,
Besieged by plenty, and all dies.
Thy wily fears did so expand
Till they covered sea and land!
Which is common in our day;
The fork, they say, must pitch the hay,
Or else cease to be a fork;
It must do its destined work;
Visit e'en its neighbor's barn
Though it make its neighbor mourn.
The law of nations is to take,
Asking naught for conscience' sake,
Lest the ask the take defiles;
At which logic conscience smiles;
Says the law it is a thief
With a line from holy leaf;
It need not to him appeal
After it resolves to steal.
Thou, rheumatic, who dost lean
Heavily on me, dost wean
Thou canst e'en a fool so trick
As to think the limp in stick?
Hence, magician, with thy wand
Which a fool can understand.
Thou wouldst fain Eve justify
With the old, well-varnished lie
Which did foully her decoy,
And a world so well destroy

That when man doth but emerge,
He begins to sound his dirge!
He who takes what is not giv'n,
Is a thief decreed by Heav'n,
Though he would by it fain rise
From the earth into the skies.
The highest thief the world hath trod,
Is he who foully robs his God;
Asks not whence life's blessings come,
That joy his heart and fill his home,
But eats and sleeps and thinks and lives,
Yet ne'er to his Maker gives
Praise that of right Him belongs
Who made the songster for his songs.

Error:

If dost understand my wand,
Come with me the earth around;
Lock thy crooked arm in mine,
Till I make my wisdom thine.
Twain do oft one flesh appear
Though they be all out of gear.
Oft did we the world parade,
I the rider, thou the jade;
Oft the spur and whip have laid
On lank sides and meager back,
Quick responding to the crack,
As from rugged heights I rode
Conqueror to my abode
Where ten thousand trophies hang
That lend still full many a pang.

Truth:

Error, all too sharp my back;
Too responsive to thy whack;

Keeps thee bobbing up with pain
Until thou art almost twain;
Thus too costly is thy ride,
When by Error's lash I'm plied.
As when local options close
The bunghole of the world's woes,
That pours on it the devil's loan
And makes it one tremendous groan,
So thy mouth I'll close a spell,
Till thy petition reaches hell
And is by the last devil signed
To make blinder yet the blind;
Lest, perchance, some wretch that's trod
The ways of ruin find of God
Help sore needed to rebuild
What thy poison hath nigh killed.
I am a Thermopylæ;
My defenders are the free,
Heroes that have gallant stood
When thy hordes, come o'er the flood,
From me would wrest my domain.
Though a traitor thou do gain
With the gold for which men yearn,
And thou foully of him learn
To crawl meanly in the rear
Of my heroes, from whose fear
A coward ever turns his face,
Yet remember, in the place
Where two seas met and o'erbore,
There arose the proudest shore
From which Fame e'er hoisted sail
To tell afar a hero's tale
That, undying, should go down
To the last age with renown,

Triumphing in her defeat,
Bringing victory complete
To a thousand glorious fields
Where to Truth foul Error yields.

Error:

Hold! let the bung-hole now take air,
That has gurgled out its share
Of woe well hidden 'neath the froth,
While I tilt, though I am loth,
The foul-smelling, empty cask
Back again, and me now task
To roll out a full, sweet one
That shall have a goodly run
On the world whose glasses clink
With a merry, merry drink,
To the health of Error's brood.
Drink, Truth, also, this is good.
Where, in all the acres wide
Have I not thee long defied?
Wrested tenfold more from thee
Than thou ever hast from me?
Do not long-robed priests oft turn
From their creed and gladly burn
On thine altars my strange fire
When I freely raise their hire?
Ere the lawgiver's returned
With his code of heav'n learned,
Error gives a substitute
Which renders heaven's always mute.

Truth:

Who behind leaves not his gold,
Will ere long his folly mold;

Soon be following a calf
Which, when age calls for a staff,
Will bah at him, but give no veal
When his last hunger he doth feel!

Error:

Unwittingly I've tipped the cask
Which pours out which I not ask,
Volunteering its wide mouth;
Done again, I'll send a drouth,
Chap thy lips and thee so shrink
Till thy bulging sides beg drink,
And thy gaping mouth outwail
For the convicts out of jail;
Or if not a drouth, I'll send,
Then, a deluge for thy end.
I will fill thee, two to one,
With thy folly now outrun,
Till thy mouth doth bubble o'er
With thy last breath hugging shore.
Where, in all the realms afar,
Have I not shone out a star
Of first magnitude, to light
What would else, engulfed in night,
Lonely wander in its sphere?
Is it not to wise men clear,
Error is the hunt for truth,
Following the devious sleuth
Of the game not far ahead,
From its fleet pursuer fled,
Which oft doubles on its track,
Leading followers far back?
Truth should make a straighter path
Or else not foam out his wrath

When he leads from the true scent
Him upon his capture bent.

Truth:

What high boasts are these aris'n
Like a babel seeking heaven
From another flood to come,
Which might hill and mountain roam?
I would let thy babel stand
In confusion, without brand
Save its own which folly makes;
But the fool his folly takes
As his wisdom fair the wise,
Climbing far into the skies
On the vapor of his breath!
(Fearest not a fall to death?)
Fast the fool his folly runs
As a miser 'neath fierce suns
Trundles hard his hoop of gold,
Which is all he can behold!
For he can not slack his speed
Lest his hoop would come to need!
He must cover much new ground
Ere he heap his little mound;
He must run till out of breath,
When his hoop, nigh unto death,
Wabbles round and claims its own,
Tries in vain his sins atone;
Then a younger sage comes near
That his wisdom may appear,
Takes the folly with a bound,
Starts at once the earth around
To get everything in sight,
Asking not if it be right;

E'en the widow's scanty mite
She has treasured 'gainst the night
That must overtake us all,
Do his talons upon fall.
Thus when all his fortune's made,
He doth trade it for a spade;
Crawls into his narrow house
As into his hole the mouse.
Familiar, Error, art with casks,
And, I think, as well, with flasks.
If thy breath not thee belie,
Thou art just escaped a sty
Where a score of noses squeal
For the slop which makes them reel
Toward the days of killing-time.
Error, I would not begrime
My fair lips with thy foul slime
From that dark, far, nether clime,
Where is brewed all the woe
By that brewer, mankind's foe,
Whose red mouth doth spit his fire
On this world, his burning pyre.
He doth paint the world's fair cheeks
With their blood; their ruin shrieks
As Reason staggers to and fro,
Knowing not where he doth go.
As when morn's flushed face retires
Before the rising, raging fires,
So who follows Error's way,
Flush and pale shall when his day
On him hath but commenced to shine.
Ere the slack be from the line,
He must stop who else might run
Many fathoms 'neath the sun,

Reeling off the line of life
To its end, when, tired the strife,
Give the struggle gladly o'er,
Gently then be hauled ashore.
Yes, indeed, thou art a star,
Twinkling in the realms afar.
'Tis the night that makes thee shine:
Dazzling light must, then, be thine!
Glow-worm of this mighty ball,
It to light how far must crawl?
I fear not what I have said;
Thou hadst better guard thy head
Lest the prisoners you free,
For new crimes come back to thee,
Thrust behind thy scurvy walls,
Beyond the reach of mercy's calls.
Thou wouldst bring me to decay
On some dark and dreadful day?
Decay doth bring the good man wings
To soar aloft for better things
Than those that he leaves behind.
Art thou not a mite purblind?
Thou shalt live in the dim past;
Thou shalt breathe, at length, thy last;
Like a mighty empire gasp,
That has followed greed and grasp,
And of thy corruption die
Ere thou finish thy last lie.

Error:

I shall breathe as you forecast,
Doubtless, quite at length my last;
Tire at length the monster death,
Waiting for my closing breath,

Till his grimness shall foresee
In my last, eternity.
I'll be here when the last horn
Doth the dead and dying warn!
Measure thou this noble chest
And thy doubts all set at rest;
Or else let me now inbreathe;
Stand aside, or else bequeathe
Hastily thy vast estate
Ere forever it be too late!
For such whirlpool's in my breath
As would sentence thee to death
Deeper than unfathomed graves!
Thou wouldst wander like small knaves,
Lapping mucus from my lobes,
Highest type of great microbes!

Truth:

If my doubts were set at rest,
Though on end, 'twere manifest
So enlarged would be this sphere
That the sky would disappear!
The liar is the one deceived,
Who thinks his lie at once believed.
Thy love for me doth me consume
As old rubbish a new broom

Error:

Infinite I furnish scouts,
And quite many inglorious routs!
Time would fail me thee to tell
The misfortunes thee befell;
Of thy crushed and bleeding lines
That well guarded thy rich mines,

But went down beneath my power
In a dark and trying hour.
I do shake thy realm, adobe,
As I traverse the great globe
On a mighty tidal wave—

Truth:

Give me time to dig my grave
Ere thy deluge lave Truth's shore
To my ankles, perchance, o'er!
Loud-mouthed thunder's awful blast
Tells but of the danger past;
And his zigzag, fiery course,
How nigh certain is his force
To rebel against his aim
When he would consume with flame.
Thou dost wound me sore and scare,
Like the crooked shaft the air
Whose wound, fast as it is made,
Triumphs o'er the angry blade.
Thou must learn to whet thy scythe,
If wouldst make the verdure writhe
In my fields where thieves do go
To reap that which I do sow.
Thou hast tried but I have done;
I have snatched thee, as the sun
Vapor up before his eye,
To resolve the misty lie,
That mankind might clearly see
To yon glittering heights whence we
Came rolling down in combat fierce.
Think'st thou canst Truth's armor pierce
With the emptiness of sound?
Or with feeble breath astound

What hath oft the tempest braved?

Error:

Hath not Error's banner waved
Proudly in the realm of Truth
When the beast of war his tooth
Crimsoned in the blood of saints?
I know how to mix my paints
To give Truth a somber hue
As if just escaped a flue
And myself to so attire,
Angels would swear I did higher
Than heaven take that ancient leap—

Truth:

Yes, they'd swear the wolf a sheep
That had high o'erleaped its bounds!

Error:

And miss it by a hair, by zounds!

Truth:

Nay, more; miss it by the foot!

Error:

Truth, when wilt thou me uproot
Whose fibers traverse distant soils,
Climes, where ocean's breath hard toils
With tropic heat or, sore chastised,
Keeps to its bed all crystallized,
Waiting long the final thaw?
To me uproot would overthrow
Creation's props and tumble down
What hath scorned time's ancient frown;
Unsoil vast tracts luxuriant though
Truth's plagues, like the ancient woe
Of Egypt, at them wide have yawned;
And lay bare that which when found

Would untenanted long lie.
I have soared in science high,
Deep descended into things;
Nor had scarce to move my wings
To maintain my lofty flight;
Thou, though almost always right,
Hadst to madly beat the air
And oft lower in despair,
Swift thy heaven-aspiring sail
When I chose to wake the gale
Or the tempest in my wing
Which doth of a sudden bring
Lesser fowl of every feather
From the open to the heather.
Kingdoms rise at my decree,
Sun themselves from sea to sea;
Crumble at their mighty length,
For their weakness is their strength.
Whom I will, I crown, uncrown;
At my pleasure kings bow down;
With their scepter suicide,
That killed their subjects ere they died.
I have pondered ancient cause;
Opened wide earth's mighty jaws;
Gazed far down her open throat
Till I saw on what remote
She had fed, and even thence
Where her hunger did commence;
What way that helmsman lean had steered
His long empty craft that veered
To his relish as he sailed
O'er creation's realm and hailed
All as prey from pole to pole.
Thus uprooted I the whole

Of that mighty, ancient code
Which long ages had abode
With the millions it had ruled.
Sublimely written, it has schooled
In wide knowledge deep which grew
Ere a soul were yet in view.
And thus creation told her plan
On which she builded the first man:
It was not but one vast bound
From the tadpole of a pond
To the splendors of a palace
Where was softened royal malice;
He had first to lose his tail
Ere a realm he could assail,
Ere he could besiege a throne
And nightly in a minor tone
Dictate that high, old surrender!
So, man leaped not forth in splendor,
Full-orbed at the dawn of life,
But onward, upward waged the strife
Till his fair face far outshone
Whate'er had been himself, and lone,
High up in life's zenith burned
Hast thou, Truth, this lesson learned?

Truth:

Hath not earth's scalp once been purged
Of her dandruff, when submerged
Were her fair locks? Yet again
Shall they be enveloped when
The vast dome with all her fire
In awful grandeur shall retire.
Thy wings have brushed hard the skies
To see where thy banquet lies;

Then have I so snatched in sail
That thou charg'dst it to the gale,
Not to the odor, of thy wing,
Which doth of a sudden bring
Every bird of feather proud
From the carcass in the cloud.

Error:

Who doth a carcass in the sky
With a vulture's eye descry,
Doth wander in the desert's needs
And vainly in the desert pleads
Loudly, loudly he doth caw
Like a lawyer without law;
'Tis but one note o'er and o'er,
Though he think he proudly soar

Truth:

Banquet high on thy mirage
Till thy sides be fat as gauze.
What I saw and fled had scent;
Vainly thou the rays hast bent.
Thou hast wider oped thy jaws
Than earth hers, revealing laws
Never in creation's code.
From the tadpole to the toad?
This the way, the royal road
Ambition did the monad goad
On to high creation's throne,
And, unmolested there, alone
Bade the sceptered mollusk reign?
Error, I had thought thee sane;
But when royal jelly rules,
Wise men must descend to fools.

Why, this embryonic man
Must have been from every clan
Driven forth as an outlaw,
Dangerous to those who saw
Innovation in his look.
Without chance to kiss the book
From which they read him from their realm,
He seized at once the waiting helm
Of his defeat and boldly steered
Where a species more appeared,
And on it stamped this stern law
In which ages found no flaw:
"Whence I came, there shall none come
To share with me my new home;
On this shore alone I'll roam
Till I find a better home."
In the monad, thus, the man
Crossed a stream which none could span
After him, and in his brain
He resolved thenceforth to reign;
To on the unprogressive pack
Thence forever keep his back.
Thus in every clan he bore
The visage of a conqueror,
Destined to an onward march—
This theory my lips doth parch;
Dry these words as July stubble
Which gives tender soles sore trouble
Ere they learn to tramp it down.
Error, please thou hide thy frown.
I had meant but to restate
What thou hast averred of late;
To theorize how there could be
Such a progressive theory;

How nature's microscopic sons
Arrived at length at even tons;
While some as near nonentity
Defended their identity
'Gainst all the hosts by ages led
That valiant fought or freely bled
In the long carnage of the years
Ere war had been condemned by tears;
How life was forged from one wee rod,
As, link by link, it upward trod
Into a chain of wondrous length
Which was most fatal to its strength;
For sure it seems the chain it broke
Long ere was struck the master stroke.
At least the sages hunt, I think,
For that long-lost, long-broken link
That bound them to creation's load
Of live stock that went up a road
That terminated at instinct,
Fair suburb to that city linked,
Where traffic, coming various roads,
A market finds, weighs and unloads
At quite a reasonable price
(Step light upon this new-born ice).
Let sages mourn their missing link,
But common folk refuse to think
Thus low descended was Adam;
That he was once a slimy clam,
With nose low plowing in the mire,
Ere he commenced to furrow higher!

Error:

Pardon, Truth, my theory
Thee hath lured treacherously

To descend into the deep,
On whose bottom soundly sleep
Those too curious to pry
With their how and when and why;
Or if, haply, they come up
After they have had a sup,
'Tis but to all men remind
They have left their sense behind.
No sooner had I seen my friend
'Neath the surface swift descend,
Than my fears did in me rise
Higher, darker than the skies
When the world's great light is out
As I feared the silly trout,
With the line I freely gave,
Would entangle deep and rave
At the bottom round some stake,
So did I, for kindness' sake,
Interrupt his eager run
Ere the fatal loop was done.

Truth:

Thy interruption came too late.
I the case will fairly state:
He unwound the line you gave,
Sped far down beneath the wave,
Entangled it about two snags,
Which if, by the help of brags,
You pull out with that you wove,
Miracles are yet, by Jove!
But of me this counsel take
Ere you rashly, rudely break,
With a quick, impatient jerk,
That which cost you years of work,

That which, when it had been spun,
Was dreamed would link beneath the sun
All life that swims, that crawls, that runs,
From an atom to e'en tons
In one vast unbroken train,
Sweeping onward in its main,
Sublimely o'er the ages down.
If thou wouldst not folly crown,
Thou hadst better now rewind
What is in the deep entwined,
Ere thou rashly try thy rod
On a fish that's surely odd;
For you'll find the silly trout
You had thought to jerk right out
In accordance with thy wish,
A most stubborn sort of fish,
That will never, in thy dish,
Give to thee that keen relish
Thou hadst counted there to find.
Art thou not a mite purblind?
Though the water's deep, 'tis clear
There is not a scale in here
For your skill in rod and reel
Which oft furnished a scant meal.
Take back, then, all that you can
Of that with which the trout ran;
Better far save a fragment
Than the whole long line lament.

Error:

I'll bring the merman from the water
Ere he wed the mermaid's daughter.
Thou art chock full of advice,
A brooding hen, but hatching lice

Which shall but thyself devour
Ere doth come the chirping hour.

Truth:

Thou art fearful of the water
As a pedobaptist's daughter ;
And wouldst rather lowly stoop
To a gallinaceous coop.
Thy brood hath led thee to sea,
Cackling loud, but not in glee,
Along the forbidding shore,
While they, quacking, ply their oar
Into dangers that appall
Their queer mamma to a squall ;
It is sad to hatch a brood
One must follow after, wooed
By a dangerous element,
And with watching be content,
Powerless to ply an oar
As the angry sea-hounds roar,
Chasing eagerly their prey
That must come at length to bay
On some desolate, cold shore
When the strife of life is o'er !

Error:

If sad it be to hatch a brood,
Sadder yet if it be glued
Lifeless to a barren shell :
Take thou this, my kind farewell.

THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING

Ha! friend, I'm glad to meet you this bright day
And greet you, as New Year, as on my way
I dance with merry earth about the sun,
Who so attracts us with his smiles that, won,
With tireless step we whirl the ample round,
In favor third; so lightly do we bound
With step united, that no discord wakes
Beneath our merry feet, nor rudely takes
The slumber that now sweetly fills the eye.
I leave behind one who tripped lately by,
As fair as I, in her predestined course,
And pale in Cancer lies. I feel remorse
For my departed sister who did bring
The foliage on so birds could sweetly sing
And waft their mingled praise to Him on high;
Clad hill and dale in robes of varied dye;
Gave rivers freedom, long in bondage held,
Whose broken chains did tyrant Winter weld;
Drove bleating flocks and lowing herds afield,
O'erjoyed with pastures that again did yield;
Unloosed the mountain torrent's torpid blood,
That shoots his gleaming arrow through the wood;
Bade wounded groves with crystal syrup run
And beckoned bees to whitening pastures on;
Shamed naked woods old-fashioned clothes to don,
Commanded Frost with all his gems begone;
The clouds to shout down on the thirsty earth
That soon their treasures would relieve the dearth;
Or, by fierce winds to airy battle driven,
To charge with might the frowning heights of heaven
That, high enraged, do fling their deadly fire
Far down till heaven's belching cannon tire;

The night to quickly kindle all her fire,
That doth the slope of the broad heaven attire,
Which, brilliant sparkling in celestial blue,
Seems the celestial city to our view,
Whose lights do beckon tired travelers home
And welcome all the hosts of earth that come;
With might and main bade winds to rock the deep
Or peaceful waters rouse from out of sleep;
Old Neptune's waters fly up in the air
And willing winds to chase them inland far,
Till, much harassed, of cold they quickly die
O'er thirsty plain and mountain climbing high.
But now more sober thought I fain do give,
That runs more slowly as I shake my sieve.
What thinkest thou of her I now do leave,
And of her sister born this happy eve,
Who scarce had time to taste the sweet of lips,
Who shook good-by with but the finger-tips,
So timely did she go and I did come
(As, in and out, two families change a home)?
'Twas no such froz'n adieu as oft-times friends,
In haste shake coldly off at finger-ends.
Hold'st thou her lovely who but lately toured
In circuit vast, by smiling earth allured,
Till he in Cancer coldly cast her off?
What brought she forth or left behind what stuff,
To glorious glitter from the darkened past?
To light the way of Truth whose cohorts fast,
With stars and stripes, come gallant marching on
To freedom's strains that bid their foes begone?
Hast thou not joined the stirring battle-cries
That e'en now swarm o'er dying monarchies?
Is not one breath of freedom's bracing air
Worth all an empire's sultry atmosphere?

Think not your country's ensign makes you free
'Neath which the fathers nobly fought for thee.
The torch they lit and gave into your hand
May yet go out, a worthless, smoky brand
To guide old empires in the night to morn,
To light the way of nations yet unborn!
Your banner yet may trail in greed's foul dust,
The glory of your fathers, sacred trust,
Till the unfettered few of freedom boast
While binding brazen fetters on the host!
Then, guard your liberty while you have strength;
Fight now while hand and foot can swing their length!
Hast thou no light to lend thy fellow-man?
Art thou a gifted, heartless Corsican
Whose blind ambitions sail for Waterloo
And lone Helena, bound? Pray, who are you?
Old Greed who slowly eats republics through,
And lets their liberty run out, and who,
In short, e'en shatters Heaven's whole, hoary slate?
Or Lust that wanders cities nights and late,
Garbed in the guise of man, while hell within
High rages to release his fires whose din
Doth clamor o'er fair Virtue's soft, sweet voice?
Or foul Intemperance, without e'en choice,
Who feeds upon the gutter's offal, woe,
Or higher up, ere it hath fallen so low?
Who clothed, of old, with nakedness and shame
The pious patriarch who launched his fame
On Heaven's flood that conquered Ararat,
When tiring on his summit the ark sat?
Who stealthly enters in and swells man's frame
Until his friends even forget his name?
Who passion swells to torrents of the mind,
That reason drown and virtue leave behind?

Who wakes the orphan's plaintive, piteous cry,
Bequeathes the flood that fills the widow's eye?
Gives o'er to greedy men both purse and blood,
Who take e'en more than common robbers should?
Lends, too, the troubled world her deepest groans,
The brewer's potters-field her sad headstones?
Hoodwinks the wicked, stupid, foolish state
To drain her coffers and lift crime's flood-gate?
Gives her a copper coin and takes her gold,
Laughs at the sober fool that fills his mold?
Art thou, perchance, fair Virtue's high-born son
Or daughter fair? She who in heaven won
High praise ere sailed she down to Paradise
And lit on the first pair? Then be thou wise;
Let him not slumber who doth guard the soul,
Who, oft-times drugged, lies in some filthy hole,
With all his pockets pleading poverty,
And of the deadly drug may also die.
Beware! be not his thief or murderer
Lest thou invite the unseen bolt or bar
That shuts the guilty out of earth and heaven.
Beware fond hidden vice, the devil's leaven,
That rises in thee, a huge loaf when baked,
All blackened 'neath the fires of hell awaked!
Now rage not at my searching lines that break,
Perchance, truth's discord on thy peace and wake
A sterner music for thy wayward feet
To measure in this ample round I mete
With old, yet nimble earth whose step sublime
Comes down precise, with every toe on time.

AT FAME'S DOOR

I trembling knocked at Fame's gilt door.
"Come in," one said; "Get out," a score
Of scornful voices ere the door
Had opened e'en a hair or more.
I levied on mine eyes a tax,
Whose purse-strings even did relax
Till nigh bankrupted was my sight
To peer into this rare delight;
But only saw my card take wing
That pierced the door's scant opening
Which nigh erased, methought, my name.
What wonder that 'tis hard to fame,
When so my card is sorely pressed
As souls that enter heaven's rest?
As there I mused, with doubts harassed,
Which way the die would fall I cast,
Two bosom friends their wrongs redressed
And rudely scuffled in my breast
Till of the battle I was sore,
Besmeared with my own precious gore;
Till Dignity, o'ermatched, did sprawl,
Much bruised and bleeding in his fall;
While Curiosity arose
And wiped the blood from off his nose.
"Fall to thy knees," beneath his breath,
"If thou wouldst live long after death,
And dark oblivion not fear,"
The victor whispered in my ear;
"The dark keyhole of Doubt that bars
The way to yon unfading stars,
Must thou look through upon thy knees:
So hear if thou wilt feel the breeze

Far distant, swell thy waiting sail
That wafts thy bark, 'mid ocean's wail
Rough floundering, of gales the sport,
Into that far-famed, wish'd port."
My ready ear did catch the breeze
Of his soft words that bent my knees
Before the temple door of fame,
On which fair genius carved his name.
Three pickets of the soul engaged
In high contention there and waged
Quite even battle o'er my head,
Which leaned this way or that as wed
To each of three a dame inclines;
Or e'en as the great globes declines,
O'erbalanced by the weight alone
Of a triumver overgrown.
Thus to the keyhole three were led,
Intent on what was done or said,
Eavesdroppers willing of the mind,
Who were to me so well inclined,
They left their records on my brain,
Which, now revolving, I do fain
With sweet, harmonious notes reel off.
With youth and age led by his staff,
In slow procession came the bands
Of word musicians from all lands
And bygone ages far remote.
I heard them swell their glorious note,
In one great unison now bound,
That nigh engulfed the world in sound;
Or singly play their matchless part
That filled the fountain of my heart
That her two pools did overflow
With crystal joy that strolled below,

Among the meads of life where graze
The soul's fair flocks on smiling days.
On the smooth current of their sound,
I traversed the great globe around;
Roamed o'er her heights lost in the sky;
Her boundless depths below that cry,
With salty tears, of wrecks wide strewed
That sleep in their deep solitude.
On either side each glittering file,
Fame's censers burned with praise the while
A cloud of rarest odors rose
En masse to greet each coming nose.
Beneath their silent, stately tread
A paradise of roses spread,
An Eden lying humbly down
In adoration to renown.
As when the skies do clap their hands
In loud applause of him who stands
On heaven's dizzy, awful steep
And makes his sudden, thrilling leap,
So ages now, above, to these,
O'er Time's descent, by Heaven's decrees,
Roll down the applauses of the years
That fill their eyes with grateful tears;
Or else as when the storm doth send
His tardy offering those who bend
With honest toil, it sprinkles first,
Now rains, now pours to quench the thirst
Of the nigh famished, patient earth,
So these now get their meed of worth,
Faint praise at first, slow misting down
The ages, scarcely felt, but grown
In size of drops, doth now, at length,
Pour out in song her pent-up strength

In the great deluge of renown
Which sweeps about the globe, casts down,
And covers up, though builded high,
All things beneath the ancient sky
Except those which are born to float
As Noah and his mighty boat.
As age on age did tread along
With great achievement in its song,
The epic father I espied,
His blind, illustrious son beside.
Each with a staff instead of eyes,
Which they plucked out in sacrifice
To the fair goddess of Renown,
Did stately tread the ages down.
The elder first did clear his voice,
Take one long breath, with epic choice
Did lead the warlike Greeks 'gainst Troy,
With all their gods, a strong convoy.
He, there arrived, a whirlwind raised
Of warring words the world amazed,
That circled wide and high uprose
Above the field where ancient foes
With bloody hands did stain twelve years
And flood fair Greece and Troy with tears.
Now into battle rush his words
That blaze with anger, thought's keen swords,
That clash and slash, and flay and slay,
Till Troy's walls totter in the fray.
Now back, now forth, the storm doth rage
That pelts the heroes who engage;
Sweep to the walls the birds of prey,
Alight thereon, are chased away,
Glad to escape with their own flesh
From out the wily fowler's mesh.

Long glitters war in polished words
That make immortal Trojan swords!
That on the mind do leave their scar
More deep than instruments of war!
Close in a glittering phalanx form,
Defying Time their squares to storm!
On either side their strength they wield,
A sword or saber sharp or shield;
Stretch out in bold, heroic lines
As in their ranks their valor shines;
They reel with the old wine of war
And loud shout from the battle-car!
But lo! the son now blows a blast
That climbs the dome of heaven vast
And shakes rebellion down and war
Such as ne'er frowned in verse before
Or thundered down the epic line!
With cadence rare, of sweet decline,
The short-lived happiness now sings
Of Eden's pair, then dips his wings
In the sad current of their woe
That o'er its measured length doth flow
As rivers groaning under ice
To ship their now stale merchandise
Or cast the winter's bondage off,
'Neath which they toil to win a laugh.
So, long entranced I ravished lay
Till night, assaulted by the day,
Retreated from the shafts of morn;
Her pangs then o'er, my tale was born.

*THE MEETING OF SOLOMON AND THE
QUEEN OF SHEBA**Solomon:*

Oh, who art thou, that in my way,
This pleasing perfume wafts this day,
That halts its journey here, thou fair?
I snuff delight from out the air
That, hurried with its costly load
Across the desert's drear abode,
Well pauses out of breath and gives
The mountain incense him that lives
From Sheba's far-famed realm remote.
Is not this Sheba's queen of note
That in the constellation great
Illumes the sky of fame of late?
Fair crescent, that from far didst turn
With thy increasing flame to burn
In full-orbed beauty on my realm,
Thou dost my spirit nigh o'erwhelm,
And in my bosom raise a tide
That floods now eager, deep and wide
The shores of expectation long
And from her harbor floats my tongue,
Well laden with a kingdom's praise
While wisdom waits for calmer days.
Fairest of queenly grace and charm,
Thrice honored he who takes thy arm!
I saw thy pageant as it strode
Upon imagination's road,
Well paved with kingly wisdom o'er;
Yet all too low her wings did soar

That brushed the foothills of thy fame
That far transcends with pinion lame
The highest wing of thought. This day
I saw thee on the king's highway,
In all thy proud magnificence,
Come stately sweeping on; my sense,
Nigh overcome, did scent the gale
That drove a thousand purple sail
Across the sea of doubt between
A monarch and a noble queen.
As picturesque as gorgeous dawn,
Proud stepping into light, thou on
Didst come, thick gemmed as glittering morn,
When copious dews are nightly born
To heat and cold's embrace, or eve
When all her dripping garments leave
Their pleasing sparkle in the eye.
A moving paradise came nigh;
A kingdom blew her spicy breath
From fragrant shores far, far beneath
Where rust, long fed on chariot wheels,
Yet relishes his wave-worn meals;
Where Egypt's monarch felt the stroke
That clave from Israel's neck the yoke,
Long borne beneath his smarting lash
That whipped them to that final dash
From that plague-stricken, evil land
To freedom's desert, brackish strand
Where freedom's children must unlearn
The lessons of a tyrant stern
Ere freedom, freedom is to them,
Ere glitters true that priceless gem;
Take up their march, when peon's o'er
Forsake the fair illusive shore

Where tyranny seems doubly dead,
Against the foes that, on ahead,
In unseen ambush ever rise
Beneath the desert's burning skies
Where freedom's marches must be made
(Not in the palm-tree's soothing shade
Where glitter not the shield and spear,
Nor where the parching heat comes near).
The desert's lessons must be learned
Before the milk and honey's earned;
Before the promised land draws nigh
Beneath fair freedom's starry sky:
And then the battle still doth rage
That stains the hero and the page,
Without the camp or else within.
I pardon ask the Sheban queen
If I have left my pleasing theme;
If, lured away by wisdom's gleam,
I've wandered in the wilderness
And left my subject in distress;
Yet if, perchance, some manna fell,
Ungathered on the waste it dwell
Till it in hunger's hunt I see,
I pick it up and share with thee.

Queen of Sheba:

O king of kings, Wisdom's abode!
Long gleam thy scepter, live thy code.
The pardon asked I can not give;
Such grave offense I fain receive.
The inlaid wisdom of thy words,
Unlike the gleam of kingly swords,
Exacts free tribute of my thought
On prouder fields than heroes fought.

The panegyric of thy tongue,
That sparkled in its course along,
Did sweetly ripple on my ear
As prone I drank it cool and clear.
King of day, I saw thee rise,
The mighty monarch of the skies,
With pomp in thy inaugural blaze.
The lesser lights, whose feeble rays
Had warred on darkness to the dawn,
Their great superior did own
With low submission as each crown,
Grown dim, in order was laid down.
Alone the crescent dimly burned
Like some forsaken lamp low turned,
Unnoticed in the cheerful dawn.
The morning of thy reign was on
Which, risen to its noontide heat,
Sends out its needed glow to greet
Kingdoms in darkness, deep enthralled,
That think they're round with wisdom walled.
Wisest of monarchs, I beheld
Thee many kingdoms deftly weld,
As that great monarch oft, on high,
With flaming forge the broken sky,
When his fair kingdom is o'errun
By the light troopers 'neath the sun.
Together now, thine, like his rays,
Shoot forth one great, harmonious blaze
That floods thy kingdom o'er with light
And eats far into realms of night.
Peaceful thy rule and prosperous be;
The smile of Heaven long rest on thee;
Thy evening reign in beauty glow
Till thou dost dip the world below,

In thy last splendor clad, and leave
Earth's kingdoms great to sorely grieve
That there was but one Solomon,
Well known to all as Wisdom's son.



WINTER

Ho! warrior stern, from out the frozen north,
I hear thy bugle blast; thou comest forth
From thy eternal camping-ground where Fame,
High perching on the pole, doth shriek the name
Of Peary cross the frozen parallels.
I heard the tramp of thy retreat, farewells
To brigades long cut off that hold the slopes
Of tow'ring grandeur until with fresh hopes
New-armed, thou come, with thy fierce war-whoop, on
To scalp the earth and new-won trophies don.
Thy skirmishers, already hove in sight,
Have shot their arrows 'neath the wings of night
Till the wood crimsons at their deadly steel
And heads droop low that the dread warfare feel.
The tide of life that filled fair summer's shore,
Now ebbs from tree and shrub and fragrant flower.
The gay musicians of enticing woods,
Or flowery meads, untrodden solitudes,
Or thickets near, new-born, where lately stood
In their tall majesty the ancient wood,
Have loosed their silver strings or swallowed down
The lump of music in their throat, and flown
Before the rattle of thy musketry!
The hardest of instinct's tribe doth flee
The war thou pourest from the sunless pole.
The temperate crevice and cave and hole

Now shelter motley crowds that dormant lie,
By howling blasts besieged that wildly cry
Till springtime call them off or hush their voice.
The finny tribes no more in streams rejoice,
But pave their bottoms with silver and gold.
Creation's lord, too, shuns the biting cold,
And burns the sunshine of an age long past
That deep beneath the clod now slumbers fast;
Or hides beneath another's coat and braves
The hungry tempest that about him raves.
Thou hardy bird, that oft doth plume thy wing
On the cold poles and the shrill death-song sing
Of vegetation's realm, bring thou no tale
Of want and woe that 'mid earth's plenty wail,
Charged up to Selfishness who calls his own
What Greed has grasped, though patient Toil hath sown
And labored hard the stony, stubborn field
That doth, at length, the smiling harvest yield.
Thou pav'st thy way with chilling snows and ice,
O'er mountains nimbly climbing in a trice,
Or storming furiously some defile,
The open door to regions wide that smile
With plenteous plunder, or with stately stride
Wide marching on, or wading in the tide
That rolls her surges on the field of war.
Thou leav'st behind thee many a wound and scar,
Where thy light cavalry doth fiercely fly
And slashing sabers give command to die!
I saw thy battle in the smoke afar,
And smelled from fighting fields the breath of war
That rages now upon this sunless strand
And pours his anger over all the land,
Which, slow abating 'neath spring's melting eye,
Gives way to smiles that to embraces fly.

Thy spouse thou coverest with blankets warm,
Like some fond swain his sickly dame lest harm
Beyond repair befall her loveliness
And blight the rose that gave him happiness.
Adown fair valleys thou dost urge thy steeds
With thy cold lash that sharply stings like reeds
Released that rightly slap the sluggard's face
Who tags behind another in the chase.
The racing river shows his morning breath;
The iron horse that madly pants beneath
His heavy load; and the swift-gliding keel
Whose iron lungs wind water on her wheel.
The sea-born monsters that gigantic rose
From bottom depths to snuff the air that blows
Cold desolation on their bald, white heads,
Now frozen stand, or stretch out on their beds
In the deep slumber thou dost wrap them in.
Oft, o'er their summits, thou dost raise the din
Of warring elements that charge the heights
Of frowning grandeur, and still hold the rights
That rich, old Nature to stern Winter leased.
Oft venturing too low, like some wild beast
In search of something rare to feed upon,
Besieged, as she with hungry hounds anon,
And fiercely driven up the rugged steep,
Thou leav'st thy wool behind which warm winds reap
While loudly baying up the mountain's side.
To the fair, crystal palace high and wide,
From whose blue dome suspended splendid burn
The golden lamps of day and night in turn,
Aerial guests from cloudy mansions hie,
In spotless robes that whiten all the sky,
To thy cold invitation to a dance.
With ceremony due they now advance

And balance gayly on the frosty air,
Or graceful swing their partners sweet and fair,
Or lightly trip the pleasing promenade:
In charming minuet they now parade,
Or in cotillion's brisk and dizzy whirls
That deftly mixes smiling gents and girls,
Who, often crossing, pleasing warp and woof,
In public manufacture the rare stuff
That soon grows threadbare 'neath their youthful feet
When age advancing spurns the empty treat.
Now rivers, shrinking from the piercing cold,
Their sunny faces hide, where laughter rolled
Or rippled merrily from shore to shore;
No more the ardent lover's willing oar
Swims idly down the stream at eventide
That softly ushers in, with sunset's pride,
The wooing hours whose meshes catch the bride,
Though oft high moon is reached ere it betide.
Yea, Winter, thou dost hush the brook's wee voice;
No more the flocks the barren hills rejoice
And pour their bleating music down the vale
In sweet confusion rare to tell the tale
Who clothes the world, protects it from the storm,
Then dies the willing victim of man's arm.
No more the living cloud pours down her showers
In golden drops that sweetly kiss the flowers
And with perfumed breath and wing speed home;
Alas! unwilling all, they ceased to roam
The snowy fields besprinkled thick with gold:
Their shrinking clusters hide now in the wold,
Or in some bee-man's cellar sweetly doze,
Or snugly house in well-protected rows.
Come, Winter, be thou not so cold and stern,
Who walkest over snow and ice to spurn

The lady just ahead, as one behind,
Unnoticed, whom thy pride outran to find
One not so long in leaf; beware, thou thief,
Who reapt her charms, lest thou, too, come to grief;
Lest fairer youth awake the sap of age
And wash thee down the gullies of grief and rage.
Thou stiff, old grandpa of the fruitful year,
Yet still begetting children to thee dear!
Twins! Snow and Ice, now on thy bosom lie
And sleep beneath thy harsh, shrill lullaby.
Hard-featured father, thy watch o'er them keep
Till Madam Spring awake them out of sleep
With her fond kiss that melts thy heart now weak,
While tears flow down the hollow of thy cheek!



HAIL, YE SONGSTERS

Ye gay musicians of the wood,
Now flood the ancient solitude;
Swing high the flood-gates of your praise
To Him who gives you length of days,
And pour upon ungrateful man
The benedictions of your clan.
Ye robins bold, first wake the morn
Now sleeping on yon hill, then turn
Your music down the vale below,
That rouses from her slumber slow,
As loth to say "Good morning, Lord,"
As the wooed lady her last word.
Now all the air vibrates with song;
The lively notes now troop along
And gallop gayly in my ear;
Or, silver-shod, now prance and rear

And leave their hoof-prints thick behind
On the boulevard of the mind.
So wakes the morning with the din
Of happy voices long shut in,
As e'en the playground of the school,
With mingled joys that young hearts rule.
Now sleeps the chorus in mine ear,
The herald of the daylight dear.
Hail, welcome guests! now flocking come
To cheer my solitary home;
Convert my cherries into song
That do of right to you belong.
As, when the noontide's gong doth ring,
The factory's swarm takes eager wing,
All aiming at an earned repast,
So, from the covert flocking fast,
By hunger's arrows now oppressed,
They come my friends, all neatly dressed
In dusky costumes cut from night,
Or gorgeous robes from morning's light.
Bold robins first their wings now rest;
Fair mothers with their brood, well blessed,
Begin the dainty, morning meal
That doth their hunger from them steal.
The daughters by the mother stand,
Quite ready for the rich viand;
On either side they wait for bread
Picked from the twig the cherry shed;
A stalwart son in front demands
A double share of the viands;
From right to left the cherry goes
Till at the pit the luncheon close.
Thou black-eyed, gay bedizened maid,
Now flutter round the banquet spread;

Or princess rather, robed in gold,
That with delight mine eyes behold
Swift plying hence thy golden oar,
Now moor thy barge to the green shore
That glows profuse with pitted red,
And on the viands rare be fed.
Now dips into the verdant shore,
The royal barge with golden oar.
Ah! all too soon art freighted down;
Now feed thy offspring, fair renown,
That flutters round thee; e'en when death
Hath robbed thee of thy last sweet breath
Shall she bow low and kiss thy dust;
Nor let old oblivion's rust
Feed on thy name; but watch thy tomb
Till heaven blow the final doom.
Hail, modest maiden, with thy gown
Dyed in richest autumn brown;
On thy fair, fluffy bosom play
Two colors fair, in thick array,
Whene'er it heaves with sigh or song.
I heard the silvery tide and strong,
Which dawn drew from thy fair, sweet throat,
Which soared above the robin's note
And flooded vales and hills and skies;
Till day, high soaring, ceased to rise
And downward steered his waning flight
To rest upon the perch of night.
Thou song-bird fair, all neat and trim,
That fluttered by my window dim
And at it cast a witching smile,
Return again, flood as erewhile
This lonely bosom with delight;
Pour out thy day upon the night

That slumbers heavy on my soul;
Yea, come again, gay oriole,
With thy sweet throat high swelled with song,
And the melodious flow prolong.
Proud mimic of the feathered tribe,
Yet in thy throat lurks not a gibe
To demean thy tribe as man his fellows;
Nor flame nor smoke leaps from thy bellows
To singe a wing or soil a feather.
Thou dost, like a wise man, gather
A full and rich vocabulary
That sparkles as the heavens starry,
In thy flight to reach the north.
The treasures of thy gathered worth,
Thou millionaire, to thee belong
Who reaped the golden fields of song
From Cancer to my parallel.
I bless thee, that thou doest well
To pour out lavishly thy notes
Like some rich man e'en as he floats,
Borne on the gentle breeze of time,
To a far distant, fairer clime;
For music dwells not in death's throat,
To glide forth in the silver note
And flood sere valleys of the soul
With a new life that doth unroll
And cover up with eager haste
The wide-stretching, woeful waste.
Hail, mechanic, that bor'st a hole
Into my slumber, lest I loll,
Belated, after night hath flown
Her gloomy perch and Morn hath sown
His dusky seeds that widely stray
And ripen into golden day,

I hear thy swift, successive knocks
Demanding entrance, e'en the shocks
That send the hollow music near,
Now strolling in my lazy ear,
Quaint hopper to the constant grind,
That shakes the grist into the mind.
Fair warbler, whose first notes, drawn out,
Come sloping in their airy route,
Shrill sound thy bugle, rush to war;
Nor melt thine anger like the star,
Ere thou do reach the shadowy foe
That peers out of my east window.
E'en now I hear thee on the pane;
'Tis not the music of the rain,
But the harsh clatter from the sky
When winter lifts his hoofs on high
Though summer's fully in his stall,
And thickly down the fragments fall.
Now see! the battle waxes hot;
The lid wars on the red teapot
As furious it flops with rage
And on itself a war doth wage.
Swift the quaint arena round,
The gladiators nimbly bound,
Exchanging deftly blow for blow
Till, perching on the sill below,
The irate warbler quits the field;
His stubborn image will not yield!
Thus ofttimes, in his neighbor's glass,
Man views himself; the stupid ass
Sees not his image, strikes himself;
His fellow's wares are on his shelf!
Dark inmate of the dungeon deep,
That swallows up your tribes that sleep

On the scant couches, thickly tiered,
When flocks of even are afar'd
And hurry to their dark abode,
As with your tribe, with men the mode:
They hurry to the sooty flues
Of evil, high ascend in booze;
A merry whirlpool now they form
That melts away before the storm
That drives them down to depths of shame
And sullies e'en the fairest name;
Besmirched with evil, up they come;
No shelt'ring roof protects their home;
Thus in and out they daily sweep,
On the scant footing soundly sleep
Above the kindled fires that glow
Till the mad chimney roars with woe,
And the marred bodies thickly lie
About his feet who warms thereby;
For the arch-foe of man is man,
The cannibal, who, if he can,
Doth whet his weapon on the state.
Now let my song, chased up of late
Amid the cheerful notes of dawn,
In sober thought go leaping on,
Though now the horn pours out her blast
Across the trail—the chase is past.

•

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

There is no holier work to do
Than trudge along the paths of vice
To lift a fallen soul, renew
The faded image, without price.

The cost of labor thus bestowed,
O'erbalanced, deep in joy is found;
The good Samaritan's long road
Is shortened with his brother's wound.

The silver coin he leaves behind
Outweighs by far the robber's gold;
What priest and Levite save, they find,
Is bartered for their shame well told.

Each time they pass the lonely road,
They're menaced with their brother's wounds,
That gape upon them and unload
Their brother's blood that on them bounds.

Not so with the Samaritan;
The road he smoothed now him repays;
The wounds he dressed, now healed, ne'er can
Awaken fears in lonely ways.

The friendly inn now shelters joys
That run to meet him on the road;
The lonely spot his spirits buoys
Instead of stinging with its goad.

THE RETROSPECT OF AGE

A breeze, upsprung from the fond past,
Comes rustling leaves of long ago
That spread their shade in life's noontide,
At ev'n now slumber sere below.

Yet 'neath them rich the ripe fruit dwells,
Where stooping age comes roaming o'er;
His autumn field he views with pride
And from her leafage gathers store.

He laughs again where romping glee
High bounded over etiquette;
And cries again where sorrow's stream
Did swallow up joy's rivulet.

He pensive views the naked wood
Where hope his banners high uphung,
'Neath which he marched through solitudes
That sheltered dangers old and young.

The paths he trod, they all come home
With many footprints fresh and old;
The tinkle of whate'er he drove
Comes winding home from out the wold.

He trudges on afield again,
Where, bearded, waved the ripened past;
His rusted blade he swings again
And glories what's behind him cast.

So must all men look backward when
Old age disarms them and retires;
While strong cadets draw forth their swords
And eager light the old campfires.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE TRUST EVIL

The anarchist who flaunts his rag
 Insultingly in Freedom's face,
 Is prince to him who 'neath our flag
 Conspires to rob, the press to gag,
 While Justice far behind doth lag,
 And Freedom blushes in disgrace.

Let Freedom's stripes o'ertake their greed,
 And Freedom's stars not on them shine,
 Who fatten on their brother's need,
 Who hypocritically plead
 That they deserve the nation's meed,
 And late of persecution whine.

Ye pirates of high industries,
 Who nowadays in squadrons sail,
 Imposing monsters of the seas,
 Who float your flag with freedom's breeze
 And take with freedom all you please,
 Beware lest freedom yet you fail.

Behold how yon horizon frowns!
 The storm already lifts its head
 From off the sea, whose wide mouth yawns
 For stately prey that proudly crowns
 The ocean's waves; see how it dons
 Its fighting garb and steers ahead!

Flee, all ye pirates of the sea,
 Nor look behind for merchandise;
 Some friendly harbor seek where ye
 Can swear away your piracy;
 There anchor cast and in high glee
 Unload the deftly stolen prize.

THE NATIVITY

The flock of night comes back again
That day's bright shepherd from his field
Far backward drove; now turns its ken
To pastures lower down revealed
Where shepherds drop their helping crook,
Like palsied men, and stumble o'er
As night forsakes the plain; for look!
Earth seems quite nigh to heaven's door
And Gabriel's turned the shining knob
So thick the air now feels bright wings,
As when a swarm forsakes its job,
And of a new home sweetly sings.
Now hill to hill shouts heaven's peace,
And vales between now catch the pour
Of halleluiahs' rush; nor cease
Celestial heights to mingling roar
With cataracts of praise to Him,
First born, first loved of Heaven, dear,
Beloved Son of God, true paradigm
Of earthly life in highest sphere.
But see! the messengers recalled,
Now leave a shining path that winds
The steep ascent, by darkness walled
To heaven's blue whose ancient blinds,
Now rent as with the lightning's wings,
Gape open wide and close; the choir
Hath sung our Saviour's birth and flings
Retreating music now up higher,
At other worlds and systems vast
That pace eternal on their route;
Yet seem heaven's candles dim that last
Till coming daylight blow them out,

Or else creation's sparks wide flown,
That sizzling burn the beauteous blue.
Already Time, all sullied grown,
Hath donned his golden era new.
The royal cry doth stalls alarm;
The shepherds hear with heart o'erjoyed;
The swaddling clothes their faith inform;
All earthly things seem dull and void.
They worship Him, their new-born Lord,
Long linger at the manger's side;
Then, on the wings of a fleet word,
They herald forth the Christmastide!



FRIENDSHIP

I meet a lady on my way;
She says "Good morning" with a smile:
She smooths my journey through the day
And helps me on another mile.

She listens to my plaints; my tears
They quickly fill her anxious eyes:
Her murmur sweet salutes my ears
And with it too my trouble dies.

I feel her handclasp as I bow;
The magic of her charms I own:
My lips confess to hers e'en now
No harp e'er gave a sweeter tone.

SAUL'S CONVERSION

He journeyed far where zeal led on,
The waste, the wilderness defied;
Nor stayed his steps till Heaven's frown
Did on his eager work abide;
Till all the noonday's glare low sank
'Neath one majestic blaze of light,
And from the Crucified low shrank
The intrepid Saul in utter night.
He heard the voice of One who slept,
He thought, beneath his load of shame,
Where a few followers silent wept
That he had left them but a name
For which to meanly live and die;
To hear it echo forth the wail
Of foundered hopes that voyaged high
In proud imagination's gale.
The pierced hand shot forth a gleam
Of hope into the breast of Saul;
The gaping side poured out its stream
Of life into the veins of Paul;
Till, risen from his grave, he wore
The visage of another man;
Not now the matchless conqueror
That all outglittered in the van
Of persecution; chastened now,
The dread pursuer trudges on
Like some great admiral with brow
'Neath sealed instructions weighted down.
'Twas midnight all without, within,
A tumult rose he could not calm;
He could not flee the horrid din,
Nor stifle the persistent qualm.

Where Abana and Pharpar roll
Their gathered wealth to ancient gates,
Ofttimes the Israelitish goal
Of all the Israelitish hates,
Three days and nights raged the assaults
That bore him backward o'er the past,
That mocked at him as from her vaults
She dragged his victims out aghast!
And then he heard High Heaven's call,
Obeyed it, and thenceforth his state
Was changed from that wormwood and gall
That had embittered him of late.

*A DEEPER BREATH*

A deeper breath of life I feign would draw,
With perfumes laden from a verdant shore,
The playground of soft breezes, not the raw,
Death-laden winds that war about life's door.

A deeper breath, aye, than poor mortal holds,
Expansive, swell this pinched, drouth-ridden soul
Like new-fallen showers smooth out the parched folds
With the sweet wine that fills the pendant bowl.

So, let the showers of His grace descend,
The wrinkled fruitage of my life expand
Till, ripened sweetly with the years, I bend
Beneath the vintage at High Heav'n's command.

OUR CRISIS

The arch-foe of man is man,
The cannibal who, if he can,
Doth whet his weapon on the state.
So, let the war, chased up of late
Amid the bugle notes of dawn,
In solid phalanges march on
Till all the hosts of graft are fled
And greed their captain with the dead ;
While state physicians round their spread
Declare that truth hath won.

*THE HOME*

Hearts make the home ; not rank nor wealth
That proudly builds his nest on high :
Love, wiser, chooses out, by stealth,
Some lowly bramble which the sky
Doth shun ; protected there, she sings
When storms have hurled high builders low
And hobbles pride with broken wings.
On sweet caress her brood doth grow
Beyond her nest, when wings disperse
The fledgelings lest they come to woe.
Wise love doth not her brood o'ernurse,
But weans them from her side to fields
Where honest toil doth wipe his brow
And urge the soil to larger yields ;
Where science in deep thought doth bow

To throw the harness of old nature's laws
Across the broad back of this world;
Where art o'ertakes his fair applause,
Though all her canvas be unfurled;
Or, long pursuing fame, doth dash
Alongside her in sunny weather
And, like a wedlock captain, lash,
In haste, the anxious craft together.
Love rules the nest till all, upgrown,
Go forth to labor and to song;
Where fields have been abundant sown
Their merry notes gay troop along.
'Tis youth that makes the world go round,
Without which life would be a drag
To bump the clods that here are found;
Without the child, we feel the snag
That rends the net of life in twain
And sets at liberty our joy;
Remove the snag, and try again,
And kiss with rapture girl and boy.
The children's glee mellows the ground
That in us hard and sterile lies,
And, as we heap the little mound,
The angels beckon from the skies.
The home is where the children wake;
Where 'neath its dome they sparkle, shine;
Where mother love her morn doth break,
But suffers not an eve's decline.
Let wedlock, then, not bar Heav'n's gates;
But let the heav'n-born snowflakes fall,
That waken music, banish hates

And youth and purity recall.
Let celibacy mourn his state,
Some spinster to repentance call,
Lest Heav'n avenge the broken slate
And virtue 'neath the ruins fall.
Let youth and age together stand
As the primeval forest stood;
The sapling grow at Heav'n's command
Beneath the shade of larger wood.
The family should not be all
A thicket or an adult wood;
But intermingling great and small,
All toiling for the common good.



ORATION ON DECORATION DAY

This day a great, free and grateful people are met together in every city and hamlet of a land flowing with milk and honey, the delightful Canaan, to whose fragrant shores were led the chosen seed. From the inhospitable shore where liberty's voice was hushed, they launched their pygmy barks and new-built hopes; unfurled their eager sails if, perchance, some favoring gale might waft them to a shore where freedom reigned, where dark oppression died. Thither they bend their eager gaze, unmindful of the dangers that embark with them on a perilous voyage or await their arrival on those lonely shores. With the thought of liberty deep implanted in their breasts, they bestow a parting look on the galling monarchies of the Old World, then launch for freedom. They pine for that favored land where might be sown the seeds of freedom; whose luscious fruit might feed oppression's wasted forms and fill the

baskets of the world. With no motive but liberty, no hope but God, our pious ancestors breasted the dangers that strewed their pathway o'er the trackless deep, that brandished their clubs on that storm-beaten shore. Amid December's pelting sleet and chilling snow, the seed of freedom fell; the Pilgrim Fathers landed. They had carried with them an undying principle and cast it upon their chosen soil; which was destined, in process of time, to spread its foliage along the Atlantic shores, to bloom in thirteen States, and yield its fruit for the healing of the nations. Beneath this lovely foliage and fragrant bloom grew up a type of men that coming ages shall admire.

"When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root up the works of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of their memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall they pace forth; their praise shall still find room
E'en in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom."

Ere the seed of liberty had fallen from the hand of the Pilgrim Fathers, another seed came floating o'er the sea and washed ashore. This found a sunnier clime, a more fertile soil, in which to imbed its horrid form. Thence taking root, it first began to spread along the seaboard line, following the heels of immigration; then, reaching out its arms, encircled western fields. Unable to endure the rigors of a northern clime, it retreated southward, where inviting fields lay open. These it entered and covered with a dark, luxuriant foliage that poisoned the fair South,

And made her a land of death;
Where Freedom gasped for breath;
Where Liberty closed her eyes
To human sacrifice,
And called for the boys in blue.

There it was guarded with a jealous care, and furnished pottage for the South; by which she lost her birthright for a time, till grace restored the fallen sister. It was the highest ambition of the South to propagate this plant at whatever hazard, that it might furnish food for the growing family of States.

On the other hand, it was the unalterable determination of the North that this noxious weed, that had infested, and had been driven from, her soil, should not seed the realm of liberty and destroy the growing crop of freedom that had been watered with patriot blood and woman's tears; that she would defend the paradise which God had given her with flaming sword, lest the awful consequences of a nation's guilt should live forever. Thus Slavery drew his dark, seditious line across the fairest land the sun shines on, from east to west. The promised land is rent in twain. Israel builds his altars and forsakes the temple where erst one people met in common sacrifice. The child of Slavery that had been set upon our shores grew to a fabulous size; he stepped from state to state;

He pillowed his frizzled head quite near the Gulf,
Where balmy breezes played;
He thrust his black foot in the face of the North,
Where every good man prayed
That his heel might be frosted
That now had exhausted
The patience of every white nose.

The child of Freedom and the child of Slavery could not be rocked to sleep in the same cradle. One or both were continually crying. The fair face of the child of Freedom contrasted strangely with the dark, repulsive features that occupied the other end of the cradle. The children of light and darkness stared each other in the face and would not sleep. Their parents eyed them jealously, for it seemed that one or the other must out. The cradle was a common heirloom, so the South concluded to sever it in twain. The heroic achievement of our forefathers, that splendid edifice which they had reared, which towers above us in its magnificence, the temple of liberty to which the patriot worshipers of all lands are looking, the pattern and admiration of the ages, was tottering to its foundations; the nation had partaken of the forbidden fruit, and the stern sentence of death hung over her like a pall. Who would volunteer to save? Who would give his life that the nation might live?

To the heroes whom we to-day praise, belongs the distinguished honor of having administered to the nation's needs while in the throes of death; of having offered themselves a living sacrifice on the altar of their beloved country; and of having upheld that magnificent temple in which a grateful people sacrifice to the goddess of liberty. While preserving the goddess of liberty, they slaughtered a cruel tyrant. Slavery had invaded the soil of freedom with his black foot, had been driven from State to State, till he intrenched himself in the cotton-fields of the fair South. There he made his final, gloomy stand; there the sons of liberty him besieged; there 'mid the deep voices of ordnance and the shrieks of musketry he fell! and with his falling rose a race to freedom!

The sublime principle enunciated by our forefathers,

"that all men are created equal and endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights," that constitutes the foundation on which the massive structure of this Union rests, had been shamefully trampled upon by many States. It was the work of those whom we to-day honor, to lift the heels of the South from off this great principle; to bring this glittering gem from the dark mine of slavery that it might dazzle the whole world.

Not ere in the annals of time had such a spectacle been presented to the world as that of so fair a republic wallowing in the mire of slavery. Her new-born sisters, basking in tropic suns, had washed their robes and bleached them white. Even the galling monarchies of the Old World had risen from the common cesspool and shook the mud from their bristles. We alone were still reclining in the mire with head and shoulders out.

We held the reins of liberty in one hand and the cruel scourge in the other, whilst we drove furiously to destruction. We had become the reproach of all nations. Campbell had voiced the sentiments of England, yea of all Europe and the world in the following burning lines:

"United States, your banner bears
Two emblems, one of fame;
Alas! the other that it wears
Reminds us of your shame.
Your standard's constellation types
White freedom by its stars,
But what's the meaning of the stripes?
They mean your negroes' scars."

To the fallen heroes whose graves have been made fragrant with the perfume of the rose, to their intrepid comrades, the living monuments that stand above them telling the great life-and-death struggle, belongs the unfading glory of having upheld and repaired that stately

edifice that was tottering to destruction, so that it shines forth on the world to-day with a splendor unequaled and which it had not known before; of having lifted the reproach from our nation that bowed her head in shame; and of having cleansed the fairest flag that flutters to the breeze.

Long live their memory, and their work survive;
Ages onward when time's tale grows old,
Let their posterity with tears unfold
Their deeds heroic as upon their mold
The fragrant bloom is strown.

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